

AN
EPISTLE

FROM

Mr. POPE,

TO

Dr: ARBUTHNOT.

*Neque sermonibus Vulgi dederis te, nec in Præmiis
humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum: suis te oportet
illecebris ipsa Virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de
te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen.*

TULLY.

LONDON: Printed. And,

DUBLIN Re-printed by GEORGE FAULKNER,
Bookseller, in Essex-street, opposite to the Bridge,
MDCCKXV.

1735

Jeremiah

15449.375.7★

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April 20, 1910

Jeremiah's prophecies are in the
first part of the book. The
second part is a collection of
prophecies which were
written at a later date.

THE

LONDON: Printed and
Published by George F. Fisher,
15, Abchurch Lane, in the
City of London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Paper is a Sort of Bill of Complaint, begun many Years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several Occasions offer'd. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court,] to attack in a very extraordinary Manner, not only my Writings (of which being publick the Publick judge) but my Person, Morals and Family, whereof to those who know me not, a truer Information may be requisite. Being divided between the Necessity to say something of Myself, and my own Laziness to undertake so awkward a Task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be That by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the Vicious or the Ungenerous.

Many

ADVERTISEMENT.

Many will know their own Pictures in it, there being not a Circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part spar'd their Names, and they may escape being laugh'd at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the Request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However I shall have this Advantage, and Honour, on my side, that whereas by their proceeding, any Abuse may be directed at any man, no Injury can possibly be done by mine, since a Nameless Character can never be found out, but by its Truth and Likeness.





A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Dr. *ARBUTHNOT.*

S H U T, shut the Door, good *John*! fatigu'd I
said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,

All *Bedlam*, all *Parnassus*, is let out:

Fire in their Eye, and Papers in their hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What Walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the Chariot, and they board the Barge. 10

No

No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n *Sunday* shines no *Sabbath-day* to me.
 Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of Ryme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in Beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a ryming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his Father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who lock'd from Ink and Paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate Charcole round his darken'd walls? 20
 All fly to *Twitt'nam*, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain,
 * *Arthur*, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor † *Cornus* sees his frantic Wife clope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

Friend to my Life, (which did not you prolong,
 The World had wanted many an idle Song)
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this Plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's Wrath or Love? 30
 A dire Dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 If Foes, they write, if Friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd

* A — M — —, Esq; † *The same Gentleman.*

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye;
 To laugh, were want of Goodness and of Grace, 33
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.
 I sit with sad Civility, I read;
 With honest anguish, and an aking head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your Piece nine Years. 40

Nine years! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken Pane,
 Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and Request of friends:
 "The Piece you think is incorrect? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten Pound.

* *Pitboleon* sends to me: "You know his Grace,
 "I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitboleon libell'd me—"but here's a Letter
 "Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 "Dare you refuse him? *Curt* invites to dine,
 "He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*." 55

Bless

* *The Author of Timoleon.*

Bless me! a Packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger-sues, 54
 ‘ A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.”

“ I dislike it, “ Furies, death and rage !

If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”

There (thank my Stars) my whole Commission ends,
 The Play’rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir’d that the House reject him, “ ’sdeath I’ll print it

“ And shame the Fools—your Int’rest, Sir, with *Lintot*.

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much.

“ Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”

All my demurrs but double his attacks, 65

At last he whispers “ Do, and we go snacks.”

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

’Tis sung, when *Midas*’ Ears began to spring,

(*Midas*, a sacred Person and a King) 70

His very Minister who spy’d him first,

(Some say his * Queen) was forc’d to speak, or burst

And is not mine, my Friend a forer case,

When ev’ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?

“ Good

* The story is told by some of his Barber, but by
 Chaucer of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath’s Tale* in
 Dryden’s *Fables*.

" Good friend forbear, you deal in dang'rous things ;

" I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings ;

" Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick, 75

" 'Tis nothing "—Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Our with it, *Dunciad!* let the secret pass,

That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Ass:

The Truth once told, (and wherefore should we lie?)

The Queen of *Midas* slept, and so may I. 80

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No Creature smarts so little as a Fool.

Let Peals of Laughter, *Codrus!* round thee break,

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty Crack.

Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd, 85

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting World.

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;

Destroy his Fib, or Sophistry; in vain,

The Creature's at his dirty work again; 90

Thron'd in the Centre of his thin designs;

Proud of a vast Extent of flimzy lines.

Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,

Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or *parnassian* sneer?

And has not * Colly still his Lord and whore? 95

His Butchers ‡ Henley, his Free-masons Moore?

Does not one Table Bavins still admit?

Still to one B—p P—s seems a Wit?

Still Sapho — “ Hold ! nay see you, you’ll offend :

“ No Names—be calm—learn Prudence of a Friend

“ I too could write, and I am twice as tall, (all ;

“ But Foes like these! — One Flatt’ers worse than

Of all mad Creatures, if the learn’d are right,

It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite.

A Fool quite angry is quite innocent ; 105

Trust me, ’tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates, in high Heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;

One from all Grub street will my fame defend ;

And, more abusive, calls himself, my friend.

This prints my Letters, that expects a Bribe,

And others roar aloud, “ Subscribe, subscribe.

There are, who to my Person pay their court,

I cough like Horace, and tho’ lean, am short.

Ammon’s

* Colly Cibber, a Player. ‡ One Henley, a degraded Clergyman, a vile Pretender to Oratory.

Ammon's great Son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and " Sir! you have an eye. 115
 Go on, obliging Creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me:
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 " Just so immortal *Mars* held his head:
 And when I die, besure you let me know 120
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in Ink, my Parent's, or my own?
 As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to Fame,
 I lisp'd in Numbers for the Numbers came. 125
 I left no Calling for this idle trade,
 No Duty broke, no Father disobey'd.
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,
 To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life,
 To second, *ARBUTHNOT!* thy Art and Care, 130
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why, then publish? ‡ *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well

Well natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my Lays; 135
 The Courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rockefter* would nod the head,
 And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before †)
 With open Arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy my Studies, when by these approv'd! 140
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of Men and Books,
 Not from the * *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my Numbers, who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense? 145
 Like gentle *Damon's* was my flow'ry Theme,
 A painted Mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal Quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still:
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret; 150
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt:
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did

† All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden, tho' a scandalous Libel against him, entitled *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the Name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

* Authors of secret and scandalous History.

Did some more sober Critics come abroad ? 155

If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just Pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Comma's and points they set exactly right,

And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their Mite. 160

Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd these Ribbalds,

From flashing *Bently* down to pidling *Tibbalds*.

The Wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,

The Word-catcher that lives on Syllables,

Such piece-meal Critics some regard may claim, 165

Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* Name.

Pretty! in Amber to observe the Forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms ;

The Things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the Devil they got there. 170

Were others angry ? I excus'd them too ;

Well might they rage ; I gave them but their due :

A Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find,

But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,

That casting weight Pride adds to Emptiness, 175

This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?

The

The Bard whom pilf' red Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
 Just writes to make his Barrenness appear;
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines
 a-year. 180

He, who still wanting tho' he lives on Theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 And he, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning:
 And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad, 185
 It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
 All these, my modest Satire bid *translute*,
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?
 How did they swear, not *Addison* was safe. 190

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each Talent and each Art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Shou'd such a Man, too fond to rule alone, 195
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise;

Damn

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; 200
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a Fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend,
 Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd, 205
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own Applause;
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise; 210
 Who but must laugh, if such a Man there be?
 Who wou'd not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the Walls?
 Or plaister'd Posts, with claps in capitals?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred Hawkers load, 215
 On Wings of Winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the Race that write;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their Sight.
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *George*! a Birth-day
 Song.

I ne'er

I ne'er with Wits and Witlings pass my days,
 To spread about the Itch of Verse and Praise;
 Nor like a Puppy daggled thro' the Town, 220
 To fetch and carry Sing-song up and down;
 Nor at Rehearsals swear, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With Handkerchief and Orange at my side:
 But sick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,
 To ‡ *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* State. 225

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library, (where Busts of Poets dead 230
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of Wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a Place:
 Much they extoll'd the Pictures, much the Scar,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 235
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He pay'd some Bards with Port, and some with Praise,
 To some a dry Rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he pay'd in kind. May

‡ Supposed to be the late Lord *H—f—x* Others think Mr. *D—dd—v.*

May some choice Patron bless each gray goose
quill !

May ev'ry *Bavins* have his *Bufo* still !

So, when a Statesman wants a Day's defence, 249

Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with Sense,

Or simple Pride for Flatt'ry makes demands ;

May Dunce by Dunce be whistled off my hands !

Blest be the *Great* ! for those they take away,

And those they leave me—For they left me *GAY*,

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,

Neglected die ! and tell it on his Tomb ;

Of all thy blameless Life the sole Return

My Verse, and *Queensb'ry* weeping o'er thy Urn !

Give me on *Thames's* Banks, in honest Ease, 250

To see what Friends, or read what Books I please ;

There let me live my own, and die so too,

“ To live and die is all I have to do ! ”

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend

Sometimes to call a Minister my Friend : 252

I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,

I pay my Debts, believe, and go to Pray'rs,

Can sleep without a Poem in my head,

Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd, what next shall see the light ?

Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?

Has Life no Joys for me? or (to be grave)

Have I no Friend to serve, no Soul to save?

" I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating *Balbus*) " something will come out."

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

" No, such a Genius never can lye still,"

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Buso* makes.

Poor guileless I! and can I chuse but smile, 270

When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the Verse, how well foe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy Man my foe,

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,

Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear! 275

But he, who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,

Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,

Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:

The Fop whose pride affects a Patron's name, 280

Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame;

Who can your Merit selfishly approve,

And show the Sense of it, without the Love;

Who has the Vanity to call you Friend,

Yet wants the Honour injur'd to defend; 285

Who

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lyes not, must at least betray:
 Who to the ‡ *Dean* and *silver Bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there:
 Who reads but with a Lust to mis-apply, 290
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lye.
 A Lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

Let † *Paris* tremble—"What? that Thing of silk,
 " *Paris*, that mere white Curd of Ass's milk? 295
 " Satire or Shame alas! can *Paris* feel?
 " Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?
 Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,
 This painted Child of Dirt that stinks and stings;
 Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys, 300
 Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys,
 So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
 Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. 305
 Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,
 And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks;
 Or

‡ See the *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*.

† Lord *H—r—y*.

Or at the Ear of ¶ Eve, familiar Toad,
 Half Froth, half Venom, spits himself abroad,
 In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lyes, 310
 Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blasphemies.
 Did ever Smock-face act so vile a Part ?
 A trifling Head, and a corrupted Heart !
 Eve's Tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the rest; 315
 Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's Worshipper, nor Fashion's Fool,
 Nor Lucre's Madman, nor Ambition's Tool,
 Nor proud, nor servile, be one Poet's praise 320
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in Verse or Prose the same :
 In Fancy's Maze that wand'ring not too long,
 He stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song : 325
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious Foe, the timid Friend,
 The damning Critic, half-approving Wit,
 The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
 Laugh'd

¶ In the fourth Book of Milton, the Devil is represented in this Posture. It is but justice to own, that the Hint of Eve and the Serpent was taken from the Verses in the Imitator of Horace.

Laugh'd at the loss of Friends he never had, 330
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The Tales of Vengeance; Lyes so oft o'erthrown
 Th' imputed Trash, the Dulness not his own;
 The Morals blacken'd when the Writings scape;
 The libel'd Person, and the pictur'd Shape; 335
 Th' Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead;
 The Whisper that to Greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S Ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past: 340
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

‘ But why insult the Poor, affront the Great? ’

A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State,
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Glencus at Court, or Japhet in a Jail, 345
 A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,
 Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the Shire,
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's Ear, or lose his own.

Lies so oft o'erthrown.] *Such as those in relation to Mr. A—n, that Mr. P. writ his Character after his death, &c. that he set his Name to Mr. Broom's Verses, that he receiv'd Subscriptions for Shakespear, &c. which tho' publicly disprov'd by the Testimonies prefix'd to the Dunciad, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in the Paper called, The Nobleman's Epistle.*

Th' imputed Trash] *Profane Psalms, Court Poems, and many Libellous Things in his Name, printed by Curl, &c.*

Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him spread.] *Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Burlington, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspers'd in printed Papers.* Yet

Yet soft by Nature, more a Dupe than Wit, 350
Saphe can tell you how this Man was bit :
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
 Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drank with *Gibber*, nay has rym'd for *Moor*. 355
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand Suns went down on *Welsted's* Lye :
 To please a *Mistress*, One aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his *Wife* :
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill, 360
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his *Will* :
 Let the *Two Curls* of Town and Court abuse
 His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muse.

Yet

Ten Years.] *It was so long, before the Author of the Dunciad published that Poem, till when, he never writ a word of the many Scurrilities and Falsehoods concerning him.*

Welsted's Lye.] *This Man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasion'd a Lady's Death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he had libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity and receiv'd from him a Present of five hundred pounds: The falsehood of which is known to his Grace, whom Mr. P. never had the honour to see but twice, and never receiv'd any Present farther than the Subscription for Homer, from him, or from Any Great Man whatsoever.*

Budgel in a Weekly Pamphlet call'd the Bee, bestow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grubstreet Journal; a Paper wherein he never had the least Hand, Direction, or Supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Authors. He took no notice of so fran-

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule
 It was a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool, 369
 That harmless Mother thought no Wife a Whore,—
 Hear this! and spare his Family, *James M**
 Unspotted Names! and memorable long,
 If there be Force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle Blood (part shed in Honour's Cause, 370
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had Applause)
 Each Parent sprung—' What Fortune, pray!-- Their
 own,

And better got than *Bessia's* from a Throne.
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a Noble Wife, 375
 Stran-

*tick an Abuse; and expected that any man that knew him
 self Author of what he was slander'd for, would have
 justify'd him on that Article.*

His Father, Mother, &c.] In some of *Curl's* and
 other Pamphlets, *Mr. Pope's* Father was said to be a
 Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But
 what is stranger, a Nobleman (if such a Reflection
 can be thought to come from a Nobleman) has dropt an
 Allusion to this pitiful Untruth, in his Epistle to a
 Doctor of Divinity: And the following Line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,
 had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in the Verses to the
 Imitator of Horace. *Mr. Pope's* Father was of a Gen-
 tleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the Head of which was
 the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl
 of Lindsey.—His Mother was the Daughter of William
 Turnor, Esq; of York: She had three Brothers, one of
 whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of King
 Charles, the eldest following his Fortunes, and becoming
 a General Officer in Spain, left her what Estate remain'd
 after the Sequestrations and Forfeitures of her Family.—
Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged
 93, a very few Weeks after this Poem was finished.

Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage,
 The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age.
 No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye :
 Un-learn'd, he knew no Schoolman's subtle Art, 38
 No Language, but the Language of the Heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
 Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exercise:
 His Life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His Death was instant, and without a groan. 385
 Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each Domestick Bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender Office long engage 390
 To rock the Cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient Arts extend a Mother's breath,
 Make Languor smile, and smoothe the Bed of Death,
 Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,
 And keep a while one Parent from the Sky! 395
 On Cares like these if Length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my Friend
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN!
 Whether that Blessing be deny'd, or giv'n, 400
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

F I N I S.